To ſignifie thou camſt to bite the world,
And if the reſt be true that I haue heard,
Thou camſt into the world He ſtabs him.
Glo. Die prophet in thy ſpeech, *I*le heare
No more, for this amongſt the reſt, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. He dies.
Glo. What? will the aſpiring bloud of *Lancaſter*
Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my ſword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie ſuch purple teares be alwaies ſhed,
For ſuch as ſeeke the downefall of our houſe.
If anie ſparke of life remaine in thee,
Stab him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and ſaie I ſent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For *I* haue often heard my mother ſaie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reaſon thinke you to make haſt,
And ſeeke their ruines that vſurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O *Ieſus* bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth.
And ſo I was indeed, which plainelie ſignifide,
That *I* ſhould ſnarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then ſince Heauen hath made my bodie ſo,
Let hell make crookt my mind to anſwere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,

Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptſt me from the light,
But I will ſort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad ſuch propheſies,
As *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his ſonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will diſpatch the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till *I* be beſt.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome.

Exit.

Enter king *Edward*, *Queene Elizabeth*, and a Nurſe with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Haſtings*, and others.

Edw. Once more we ſit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchaſde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerſet*, three fold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſonne,
And two *Northumberlands*, two brauer men
Nere ſpurd their courſers at the trumpets ſound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwike* and *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roard,